12/9/70

Dear friends,

Your letters of the 3rd were delights to me. Jennifer's Shavian footnote caused a spontaneous laugh, out loud, and that, in turn brought the therapist to inquire if the heat on my right should were too hot, a rather strange reaction to laughter. You see, I picked the mail up at the post office on the way into Washington and read it while taking treatment for an attack of bursitis that has bothered me for several weeks. But I haven't enjoyed a treatment as much. Although half a world separated, our younger days shared such similar interests.

Mornings the shoulder has been waking me up early. I'll behave and stop if it starts bothering me. I'm not supposed to do anything repetitive until it is better. Thus I mailed you a package two days ago without a note.

Last night, in the phrase of the younger ones, I just zonked out. Couldn't keep my eyes open, I suppose reaction to sending off the last proofs of FRAMEUP that have any prospect of reaching the publisher by deadline on a new schedule. My part was never late, but the typesetter, the latest of the delayers, has run everything into the bindery schedule. Manufacture was to have been completed 10/1 and I haven't yet seen the last half of the appendix.

Last night was like the one Jennifer will, I think, remember, when I couldn't stay awake there, in 10/68. All day I'd planned to spend the evening old-timing with you. The coincidences are remarkable. For example, the day before was Pearl Harbor day, and much of my past had come back with a visit from a local radio reporter who had interviewed me (and we'd gabbed) about that. You see, I suppose I am alone or close to alone in having predicted it, the month before it happened. I was much interested in the east while you were there. I'd done a piece for Click, then 3rd-largest picture whose Washington correspondent I was. My suspicions were as good as my timing and reasoning save for one error that, in retrospect, was without excuse. They included everything Japan did and one thing she didn't do, attack along the Amur. I should have known that, with her long-range designs, she'd have given Hitler no real help.

In those days my government relations were of a different character. I'd just done the definitive work on the Nazi cartels (which had come to mind my previous trip to Calif when I met Lee Rashall, now at KGO an an ABC vice president but then either UP or AP in DC, and he remembered how much more I'd done than he had on one of them, involving Schering, where my story led to investing and a fine of $160,000). I got along well even with Justice, to which I took much dope they hadn't dug up for themselves. I even gave Hoover the scoop on a planned army putsch. We really had one in the work, involving Malin Craig, then Chief of Staff. Typically, Hoover kept those docs when he returned the file I'd gotten...All the coincidences... Last Friday, a young man had given me a copy of one of Jack Spivack's rewrites of his past and, anticipating that something like this would happen, I'd given Jack, who was then writing fine exposes in the left press (nobody else would touch this) a set of stats before giving the file to Hoover....I even had good relations with Frances Knight, then troublemaking in different agency...

Your mention of Stilwell reminds me of something that ma y surprise you. "Colonel Caster/Castor", you may recall from WWII and O in NO, is really L. Robert Castorr. He never returned my calls before I first wrote of him. A mutual friend had just read WWII before a business lunch with Bob, who he told of it, then bringing me an invitation for lunch. Bob (and his wife Trudi) became friends, and he told me much. The feds had laid a trap into which I'd fallen. He is of the radical right but not as their elliptical part-reports indicated. He had been in that theater during the war, on Stilwell's staff, G1, G3 or G4, I've forgotten

which. He remains dedicated to Stilwell, convinced he was right and the rest of the military wrong, and has the most remarkable belief, for one of his persuasion, that out policies gave the Chinese only the ultimate alternative. And when he was relieved his successor was guess who? Dean Rusk, for whom his enmity has never ended! He feels that Rusk even then shared responsibility for policy errors.

All this from the "small world" dept. Perhaps we'll be able to spend an evening going over this part of our pasts. I hope so.

Even though with the sudden change in schedule we have no further responsibility for the index, we are without confidence in publishers, even those we like. So, yesterday a.m., when I got the packet of proofs, I took them to Lil before going to DC, so she could get started marking the pages for indexing. When I got back I also read them for content, then took them to Greyhound, which will have them in NYC this a.m. When we finished that I gave her your letters. She especially enjoyed Jennifer's SHE's and HER'S, but it was at this point that I couldn't keep my eyes open, so after I awaken her I'll add what is necessary so you can do this kindness for us. I never met HERSELF. There was a very nice man, like from Central Castings, the epitome of a kindly and dedicated Anglicized Chinese merchant anxious to do well by the strange customer (he could not have advised me better). Each time I was there, I saw him only. Even the packaging was perfect. I got a few bowls, which arrived without chip, some wockerwork that wasn't even dented.

I've been much preoccupied with the legal end of this work lately, an end for which I am ill prepared. It has taken much time. I so long to return to the writing I've had to lay aside, to the third part of POST MORTEM, which I'll have to reorder now, with all the time taken up with other things. I sent you the first past, which was completed 9/67 and is still fresh. I think you'll see in it what emerged as the one plus of the Shaw trial, for that is its origin. Before leaving N.O. in disgust, I made a deal with them (typically, they kept only part of it). In return for their xeroxing more than enough copies for copyrighting, I gave them permission to use its contents. While there, anticipating what happened, I paid no attention to the jury selection. Isdidn't go into the courtroom once. I know the NY Times reported me at the counsel table (haven't got that clipping, though), but I wasn't. Instead I began writing PM III and completed it before the trial in Judge Halleck's court in DC, which it won for us. I had planned to use what I then had as the second part. I'd removed part of that from the first part for this purpose and to withhold from my brethren until I could complete that part of the inquiry. However, the nature of what I have since obtained renders much of what I'd have included in II unnecessary, so when I can get back to it, III will become II and I'll write the new III. It should be mind-blowing, even if I get no more-and I may. In or out of court. Of course, this legal work jeopardizes my literary properties, bit I am convinced that is the only forum in which we have any prospect of recapturing the credibility wasted for us by the self-seekers and the sycophants.

If I did naught by write, I've in hand enough for several years of hard work. Which may explain my seeming impatience sometimes, my distress over such things as Paul's out-of-character work.

I've heard nothing from Hal. Hope he is well. Perhaps the girl is back?

I'd best not tempt fate, for I feel the typing and I'd like to be able to do more of it when day comes. I enjoyed your letters much. Hope you have a very good holiday. And thanks.

Sincerely,

If Lil doesn't add to this, let me explain: we have a friend who is a local lawyer, starting practise late after a Naval career. He needed temporary office help and Lil agreed to do it until 10/1. But he got sick. Yesterday he had major spinal surgery, apparently successful from initial reports. But she has to be doing that and this is the season when she has to familiarize herself with the new changes in the tax laws. She spends the first quarter working for Block, in charge of of of their local offices. Running the house, helping me and doing these two things load her up pretty much. I'll be awakening her soon. If she hasn't time to provide the necessary information, I will. But I was asleep and do not even know what she decided!

...From the after-breakfast light in her eyes and her smile, I suspect Lil has some difficulty deciding. She made a crack about the shortie, good sign at 58, and fixed upon the $19.95 set, the softened medium blue. If I got the right "points" for measurement, the should width is a shade under 16 inches. I measured from the beginnings of the slopes.

This is great, for her pleasure is manifest. I am happy you are doing this for us. I'll accept your suggestion and await the total cost, but my hunch is that SHE is close on the postage and insurance (there is no special delivery in the country and the chances of pre-Christmas delivery are about nil).

Before I return to other work, I meant to ask you if in your China days you ever met Artemy A. Horvath, a chemist who was then close to the world's No. 1 expert on soybeans and, if dimmed recollection is dependable, something like an equivalent of our undersecretary of Agriculture. He was my original source on Japan's long-range objectives. When their family fled the Russian revolution, he went east, a brother west, to Berlin, where he (a mathematician) was associated with Einstein.

...As the time of your retirement draws closer, I hope you will consider writing of those days and events. Neither Strong nor Snow nor Buck nor Carlson nor any of the others said all that should be. Besides, there is a different timing now, a different significance to be drawn, more profound understanding that comes with the unfolding of the years and man's (and woman's) increased understanding and maturity. Experience and time add meaning, and I understand from friends in publishing that there is increasing interest in first-person accounts that are personal.

Again, thanks,